



THE STORY TO DATE.

Anthony Patch, a descendant of wealthy New York stock, whose parents died during the early years of his life, was, until his graduation from Harvard, a brilliant, a millionaire reformer, insists that he enter some profession. Anthony decides to write a history of the Middle Ages, but his literary efforts never progress further than a discussion of writing with two college friends, Maury Noble and Dick Caramel, who is engaged in writing a novel. Upon meeting Caramel's cousin, Gloria Gilbert, an attractive and modern girl, he falls a victim to her charm.

Continued from Yesterday.  
"You'd better come up."  
He hesitated for the fraction of a moment.  
"Perhaps I'd better call some other time."  
"Just as you say." Her words were murmured as an aside. The main concern of life was adjusting of some stray wisps of hair in the elevator mirror. Her cheeks were brilliant, her eyes sparkled—she had never seemed so lovely, so exquisitely to be desired.

Despising himself, he found that he was walking down the tenth-floor corridor a subservient foot behind her; was in the sitting-room while she disappeared to shed her fur. Something had gone wrong in his own eyes he had lost a shred of dignity; in an unpremeditated yet significant encounter he had been completely defeated.

However, by the time she reappeared, the slender, rosy-cheeked girl had explained himself to himself with a certain satisfaction. After all he had done the strongest thing, he thought. He had wanted to come up, and he had come up. He had traced to the indignity he had experienced in the elevator; the girl worrying him intolerably, so much so that he had come out to her. He had drifted into criticism.

"Who's this Blochman, Gloria?"  
"A business friend of father's."  
"Odd sort of fellow?"  
"He doesn't like you, either," she said with a sudden smile.  
Anthony laughed.

"I'm flattered at his notice. He evidently considers me a—"  
He broke off with "Is he in love with you?"  
"I don't know."  
"The deuce you don't," he insisted. "Of course he is. I remember the look that he gave you when he came back to the table. He'd probably have had me quietly assaulted by a delectation of movie snuff if you hadn't invented that phone call."

"He didn't mind," she told him, afterward when he really happened.  
"You told him?"  
"He asked me."  
"He didn't like that very well," he remembered.

She laughed again.  
"Oh, you don't?"  
"What business is it of his?"  
"None. That's why I told him." Anthony in a turmoil bit savagely at his mouth.

"Why should I lie?" she demanded directly. "I'm not ashamed of anything I do. It happened to interest him to know that I kissed you, and I happened to be in a good humor, so I satisfied his curiosity by a simple and precise 'yes.' Being rather a sensible man, after his fashion, he dropped the subject. Well, if you must probe this stupendous matter to its depths he didn't say he hated you."

"It doesn't worry me," she cried spiritedly. "It's a most uninteresting matter to me."  
With a tremendous effort Anthony made his acquiescence a twist of subject, and they drifted into an ancient question-and-answer game concerned with each other's past, cravily examining as they discovered the age-old, immemorial resemblances in tastes and ideas. They said things that were more revealing than they intended, each probing the other's mind, the planes of the pictures have intermingled and given us away, and though we paint and paint we

Continued Tomorrow.  
**Beauty Answers**  
Marie: Eye exercises should not be recommended promiscuously. I would not do the ones you are planning to do without first finding out the cause of the trouble. The strength of your eyes and his opinion based upon that whether you should do any eye exercises or not. Few can judge their own eye strength. Flashy lids, ill-fitting checks or flabby skin call for a general toning up of the body. The eyes reflect the body's health, so any rebuilding exercises will profit you in a number of ways, your eyes quite immeasurably.

Helen K.: It's not so hard a job to reduce your bust if you will just put vim and vigor into the exercise you perform daily. But you must exercise consistently and regularly before hope of symmetry may be expected. I have the exercises if you have the "vim" and the "vigor" and a stamped addressed envelope in which I may transmit them to you.

Robert: You want to turn your mustache from blond to brunette? Robert: Robert that a mustache should thus intrude upon this feminine horizon! I could advise a henna but suppose it should turn red—then what? If you don't like the idea of henna, you may turn it loose on the barber's tonsor. Somehow I cannot warm up to a dyed mustache nor the troubles attendant thereupon. Hard boiled I am. But my sympathies must be elicited by a nobler cause to dye for.

Francis: A girl of 16, five feet seven and one-half inches, should weigh about 130 pounds. You may allow a few pounds either way and still consider yourself right weight.

**COUNTLESS WHO DIED DUKE'S FIANCEE**  
LONDON, July 30.—British society excitedly is discussing reports that the Duke of Connaught, former governor general of Canada and uncle of King George, was engaged to the late Countess of Essex, who was found dead in her bath tub recently. It is said the countess' death forestalled the announcement only by a few hours. The Duke's household, however, has issued a denial of the engagement.

**Miss Stedman Returns From Missouri Meeting**  
Miss Adelaide Stedman, organizer of the National Woman's Party, who has just returned from the constitutional convention in Missouri, will be the principal speaker in the garden of the headquarters. First and A streets northwest, tonight. Mrs. A. H. Bruggeman, and Miss Lee Woodson also will speak. Hostesses will be: Kathryn M. Doherty, Florence Dent, Emma Wold, Lucille Kelly, Elizabeth Andrews, Kathryn Smith and Ethel Owings. Vera C. Brungart will be chairman of the meeting.

**They're Scarce Now.**  
Scene: Georgia avenue. As I gazed absently through the car window my attention was suddenly arrested by a colorful sight. Out of a bakery came "mammy." She was, according to her ideas, I've no doubt, very appropriate attire for the early morning of a warm day. She wore a kimono, highly-colored and light in color, decorated bedroom slippers, and nothing else I feel sure. The kinky hair was carefully done up on curls, and under one arm was a package, presumably containing bread fresh and warm for breakfast, around which she could reach, but

THE GUMPS

(A full page of The Gumps in the comic section of the Sunday Herald)

—By SMITH

EPHRAIM— I WANT YOU TO GO TO TOWN AND GET ME SOME BAKING POWDER— 2 CAKES OF SWEET CHOCOLATE— TEN POUNDS OF GRANULATED SUGAR— A BOTTLE OF VANILLA EXTRACT AND SOME COCONUT— THE SWEEPER KIND— I GUESS THAT'S ALL— I WANT TO BAKE SOME CAKES— AND ON TUESDAY— THREE LAMB CHOPS FOR MR GUMPS' BREAKFAST— HERE'S FIVE DOLLARS— BRING ME THE CHANGE—

WELL— TROT ALONG NOW— AND DO YOUR MARKETING— BRING THE CHANGE BACK— DON'T HOLD OUT ANYTHING— IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD— YOU HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO SPEND IT— AND WHATEVER YOU DO, EPHRAIM, DON'T FORGET THOSE LAMB CHOPS— I LOVE LAMB CHOPS—

I'M NOT DOING SO BAD AM I KID? STICK AROUND HERE A WHILE AND I'LL GET YOU SOME REGULAR EATING— MIGHT NOT BE HUNGRY SOME MORNING— THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS YOU SPEND YOUR LIFE TELLING THE WOMEN WHAT A WONDERFUL GUY YOU ARE— SPEND A LITTLE TIME TELLING THEM HOW WONDERFUL THEY ARE— YOU'LL DO MUCH BETTER—



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**Overcoming Handicap.**  
Turning from Pennsylvania avenue northwest into Eleventh street yesterday, I saw a good-sized motor truck, two negroes and a pile of ashes. Two large scoop shovels were held by the colored men. A second look and I noticed that one of the men had lost his right hand above the wrist. Could he shovel the ashes? Could he be a porter? He was an unmailed worker? It was remarkable how effectively the one-armed man worked. The shovel went with considerable force into the ash pile. The arm of the arm reached into the hole in the handle of the shovel and with vim the ashes were thrown into the truck. If anything, the maimed worker toiled more effectively than did his companion. Nature had a marvelous way of making up for lost members.  
J. N. QUINN, Takoma Park, D. C.

**He Was Seeing Things.**  
On a Fourteenth street car I sat on one of the end seats. Directly opposite me sat a young man very newly landed from a clean, swift, eight, watching him with inscrutable eyes. He would stop his pacing and, half shy each time at first, drop his arm around her and find her kisses.  
Continued Tomorrow.

**Mistaken Identity.**  
One day while walking up Seventh street at lunch hour, I noticed a large crowd on the next corner. I ran to the corner to see what was the trouble. On arriving I was very much disappointed to find the crowd was watching an organ grinder and his monkey.  
I stood there quite a while, when a lady and a little girl appeared. The little girl clapped her hands and cried in a loud tone, "Oh, mother, look at the monkey!"  
The crowd turned and looked my way. Just then a young fellow razing at the organ grinder and the monkey asked in a loud voice, "Which one is the monkey?"—CARL TAMORRIA, 1104 D street southeast.

**We Hope So, Too.**  
Recently I attended a ball game of the sandlot variety in Maryland. The opposing teams were Oakland and Benning. What interested me the most was a crippled pitcher with a crutch under his right arm. It was wonderful to watch him. He fielded his position so well, scooping up balls with his left arm so fast. One time he ran up on the home plate and covered the position while the catcher was after a ball. Aside from this he made a long hit, driving in three runs. The game was nearly over when I left the score being 7 to 1 in his favor. Certainly hope he won his game.—MRS. N. ELWOOD BEALL, Landover, Md.

**Buttons Rather Than Lip.**  
While aboard a street car going up Fourteenth street the other morning my attention was drawn to a very young girl on the corner who was telling some fellow—evidently her husband—in a loud tone of voice, exactly what she thought of him. Their conduct also attracted the attention of two colored men standing near me. At a moment of what appeared to be some deep thinking, one of them turned to the other and said: "Be-nu-mo, Be-nu, I g-wine to sew mah own buttons on to de rest of mah life."—IRVING PARDEE, 815 Oro-noco street, Alexandria, Va.

**Is Marriage a Failure?**  
Fore-sight Is Essential.  
Just so long as two healthy, sane young people enter marriage without first considering it from every angle—its sunshine and its clouds—just so long will there continue to be changes in their matrimonial life that will inevitably bring them up against the dam of tolerance that so often breaks in divorce.  
Fired by a hasty, questionable love, young people are too prone to consider it the call of their soul and answer it without a thorough consideration of the many angles they will be later called on to face.  
My advice to a young couple about to enter marriage is to ask themselves a few questions. Give them conscientious consideration before taking action.  
Have I known him or her long enough to know I really love her or him?  
How will he or she act and appear when brought face to face with the many little, irritating questions they must face together in marriage?  
Could I take her or him out in public and feel proud to know him or her as my husband or as my wife?  
If he or she did a great wrong, do I love enough to stand by him or her in trouble?  
Do our likes and dislikes harmonize enough to permit peace to last and love to live?  
A good examination of conscience and a just verdict might preserve happiness to you by causing you to turn aside from your decision, or bring you lifelong happiness by marrying the right person. J. D.

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**A Slick Young Man.**  
Boarding a south-bound North Capitol street car at New York avenue late last night were three persons, evidently father, mother and son, the latter a gawky-looking youth of around twenty. The mother and son seated themselves near the rear of the car, a front-entrance affair, and the father sat in the seat ahead.  
Very smugly the youngster, either in a spirit of bravado, or as a slave to Lady Nicotine, extracted a serviceable-looking pipe, loaded it, and set it off. Fumes drifted rearward all the way to the Postoffice stop. At this point, however, when the car stopped, one whiff went forward and right under the elderly gentleman's nose. With a snort he turned and in no uncertain accents told the youth to "put that thing out."  
The latter did this by the simple expedient of tapping the bowl on the window sill. Just as he finished, the motherman-conductor looked back. Had he looked a moment sooner, the youth undoubtedly would have been caught in the act.—RUTH BAUMBACH, 11 N street northeast.

**Memory Tests**  
Answers to These Questions Will Be Published Tomorrow.  
1. What is meerschaum?  
2. Who was victor in the battle of Hohenlinden, which Thomas Campbell wrote about in one of his finest poems?  
3. Which was the first settlement in America to grant religious liberty to all Christians?  
4. Who was chosen to be the first king of the children of Israel?  
5. What is the capital of the Japanese Empire?  
6. What are five synonyms for the word "vase"?  
7. Who is known as the "American Cicero"?  
8. What was the capital of Alaska before Juneau?  
9. What American author first raised American literature to a high place in European opinion?  
10. Was there ever a time when a State could be sued by an individual?

**Answers to Yesterday's Questions.**  
1. Who introduced the custom of shaving? Alexander the Great, about 335 B. C. Before his time both civilized and barbarian men were hairy on his invasion of Persia, Alexander ordered a hair cut and shave for the whole Macedonian army. It was done to prevent the Persians in battle from seizing the Greeks by the beard or hair. The new fashion prevailed for centuries throughout the Hellenic and Roman world.  
2. How many days and nights are there yearly on the moon? Astronomers say there are but twelve days and twelve nights in a year. The year is the same length as ours. On Jupiter there are 10,455 days in the year. Their year, however, is twelve times longer than ours and the day only half as long.  
3. Why should not the same crop be grown continuously on the same soil? Because it will tend to exhaust the soil. The year, however, is twelve times longer than ours and the day only half as long.  
4. How many plays did Shakespeare write? Name three of his tragedies and three comedies. He wrote thirty-seven plays. "Othello," "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" are tragedies and "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" are comedies.  
5. What is the origin of the word Illinois? It is taken from the Indian word Illinwek, meaning "the river of men."  
6. Where is the "Garden of the Gods" located? In Colorado.  
7. When was Rome founded, and where? 753 B. C., on the River Tiber, fifteen miles from Rome.  
8. What is kinetic energy? The energy or stored capacity for performing work possessed by a moving body by virtue of its momentum.  
9. Give two synonyms for saline? Salty, briny.  
10. What American college bars all ministers of religion from its premises even as visitors? Girard College, Philadelphia.

Real Love Stories

**Loved and Lost.**  
Mary Martin began to keep company with Dick Wentworth when she was 19 and he 21. He was a senior in college then and could not think of marriage for some time to come, as he was going to law school for three years, and after that it would be three or four years before he could hope to earn enough to support a wife. Mary understood this, but she was willing to wait for him, as in the meantime she was needed at home, and the salary she received as stenographer went toward the care of her widowed mother and three younger sisters. By the time Dick would be in a position to marry Mary's younger sisters would be able to earn money for themselves.  
When Dick was graduated from law school they became formally engaged, and a modest little diamond sparkled on Mary's left hand. Before this Dick's family—father, mother, and sister Muriel, who was seven years younger than Dick—had accepted his friendship with Mary as a more or less casual matter, and she was a welcome visitor at their house. But after their engagement was announced, their attitude changed subtly, although to all appearances they were as friendly as before.  
Dick had gone to work for a prominent law firm and received a small salary at first. If he worked

there was a scene; his mother and Muriel almost went into hysterics. Finally Dick was drafted. He and Mary considered getting married before he went to camp, but there was another scene and more hysterics. Dick didn't think of such a thing; his soldier's allowance and insurance must be made over to his sister, and there must be no wife to have a claim on him.  
When the influenza epidemic raged in camp Dick succumbed among the first, his energy sapped by the extra work he had been doing for the last few years. Muriel, resplendent in the most fetching mourning, sighed to Mary, "It's better for you to have loved and lost, Mary, dear, than never to have loved at all."  
What would happen to Mary and Muriel in fiction? The selfish sister would be punished, of course—preferably by having as dilatory and harassed a sweetheart as her brother had been. And Mary would have gone on her solitary way in subdued and remembering grief. As it really happened, Mary married within a year, and is happy with a young man who is unincumbered by clinging relatives. And Muriel has a fine husband, too, who provides generously for her many extravagances.  
J. M.

**Briscoe-Houghland Wedding.**  
ROCKVILLE, Md., July 30.—Among the couples married here within the last day or two were Miss Violette A. Houghland and Lawrence W. Briscoe, both of Washington.

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